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K Y M B E R.

A

M O N O D Y.

[Price One Shilling.]



K Y M B E R.

A

M O N O D Y.

T O

Sir ARMINE WODEHOUSE, Bart.

By MR. P O T T E R.

---

Dii patrii, quorum semper sub Numine Troja est,  
Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,  
Cum tales Animos Juvenum, et tam certa tulistis  
Pectora.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. M A N B Y ; and sold by J. P R I D D E N , at the *Feathers* in *Fleet-street* ;  
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M D C C L I X .





## K Y M B E R.

**Y**ET once more ye lov'd poplars, and once more  
My silver yare, your hallow'd haunts I tread,  
The bough-inwoven bank, the damask't mead,  
And seek the sweet shade of the woodbine bow'r,  
If haply here the British muse abide :  
For not on Isis' academic fide,  
Nor where proud Tham'is rolls his royal waves  
Thro' forest brown or sunny meadow fair,  
Her rapture-breathing voice enchants the ear :  
Nor in those fields that honour'd Camus laves ;

He, rev'rend fire, the sacred groves beneath  
 Oft' deckt with laureat wreath,  
 Thro' the still valleys winds his pensive way  
 Without the sweet note of one warbled song ;  
 Save ever and anon some plaintive lay  
 Pours its soft airs, the rustic tombs among,  
 To the low winds that thro' his ofiers breath,  
 And murmur to the rustling reeds beneath.

Does she o'er Cambria's rugged mountains stray,  
 Snowdon's rude cliffs, or huge Plinlimmon's height?  
 Or in rough Conway's foaming floods delight,  
 That down the steep rocks urge their headlong way?  
 There chaunts the raptur'd bard in solemn strain  
 Malgo's strong lance, Cadwallin's puissant reign,  
 High deeds recorded yet in druid songs :  
 Or swells his woe-wild notes, of pow'r to spread  
 Chill horror round the ruthless tyrant's head,  
 For Urien's fate, for bleeding Modred's wrongs,  
 And smites the harp in dreadful harmony.  
 Or does she love to lie  
 In the mild shade of Hulla's softer groves,

And

And twine the vermeil wreath to grace the youth,  
 Whose rapt breast glows, as o'er the beach he roves,  
 Touch'd with the sacred flame of star-bright truth ;  
 Whilst to her lore his manly measure flows,  
 " And wakes old Humber from his deep repose."

Yet deign, if not to dwell, thy presence deign  
 Here, heav'nly visitant ; and with thee bring  
 The loftiest note that swell'd the sounding string,  
 When stern Tyrtæus rais'd th' heroic strain ;  
 To arms the warrior poet smote his lyre,  
 And all Laconia caught the martial fire.  
 Thee too, harmonious maid, the strings obey ;  
 Strike them, and bid th' inspiring numbers flow,  
 Bid Britain's sons with Sparta's spirit glow,  
 And rouse old Albion with thy awful lay.  
 Thy lay shall well-born Wodehouse deign to hear,  
 As now with gen'rous care  
 From honour's fount th' enlivening streams he brings  
 To visit, as they flow, that silver bow'r,  
 Where the fair plant of public virtue springs,  
 And breaths pure fragrance from each glowing flow'r :

Like

Like heav'n's own amarant th' immortal tree  
Shoots, blooms, and bears ; the growth of Kimberley.

Haft thou no verfe then, heav'nly virgin fay,  
By truth attun'd on fancy's fairy plain ;  
No folemn air, no hymn of higher vein,  
To hail the bleffed morn's auspicious ray,  
When, thefe tall tow'rs rejoicing to behold,  
Forth walk'd the orient fun, array'd in gold,  
First on their glitt'ring tops t' imprefs his beams ;  
Thence, glancing downwards, sparkled on the tide  
That bends along yon' hoar grove's mofs-grown fide,  
And fcatter'd crimfon o'er its azure freams ?  
The naids, hafting from their coral caves  
Beneath the cryftal waves,  
(In pearled braids their amber trefles bound)  
Thrice wav'd their hands, and hail'd the rifing tow'rs :  
The wood-nymphs too, with florifht chaplets crown'd,  
Forfook their groves, forfook their broider'd bow'rs ;  
And thrice their hands they wav'd, and thrice they faid,  
“ Raife, ye fair ftructures, raife your tow'ry head !”

Next

Next Kymber came, flow winding o'er the lea,  
 His beard and sedge-crown'd locks all silver'd o'er  
 With rev'rend eld, as winter breathing froze  
 Hangs on the bare boughs of the spangled tree :  
 His urn was silver fretted round with gold,  
 With runic rimes imboft, and figures old,  
 Th' illustrious monuments of British fame :  
 Here stout Tenantius draws his righteous sword  
 To crush the curs'd rule of a foreign lord,  
 And spreads unconquer'd freedom's sacred flame :  
 There war-worn Kymbeline, by victor's pow'r  
 Forth-driv'n from princely bow'r,  
 To the thick shelter of these shades retir'd  
 Feeding high thoughts and flames of vengeful war,  
 (Like a chac'd lion with fell fury fir'd)  
 Writhes on the lurking traitor's close-couch'd spear,  
 And bids the conscious grove, and bids the plain,  
 And kindred stream his honour'd name retain.

High on her warlike car Bonduca stands,  
 The plumed helmet glitt'ring on her brow,  
 Whilst loose in streams of gold her tresses flow,  
 The bow and pointed javelin grace her hands ;

Deliberate courage lightens in her eye,  
 And conscious worth, and inborn majesty :  
 Heroic empress ! as thy virtues spread,  
 Rome's rav'ning eagle cow'rs his quiv'ring wings,  
 Hope smiles, fair Liberty her blessings brings,  
 And heav'n-born Glory rays thy sacred head.  
 Grac'd with these sculptur'd scenes of antient fame  
 With stately step he came ;  
 Nor wanted in his way melodious sound  
 From pipe or past'ral reed, or dulcet voice  
 Of nymph or Naïd him enringing round,  
 Or quiring birds that in his shade rejoice,  
 Or gently warbling wind, or water's fall  
 Soft-trickling from his urn in murmurs musical.

Then on the stately structure's tow'ry height  
 With conscious pride he fix'd his raptur'd eyes ;  
 And as past scenes of antient glory rise  
 Arrang'd on fancy's field in order bright,  
 He paus'd ; then graceful bow'd his rev'rend head,  
 And thus in lofty strain due homage paid.



“ Ye strong-bas’d battlements, ye gorgeous walls,  
 “ Ye princely structures, that with splendor crown’d  
 “ Shine o’er your wide dominion stretching round,  
 “ To you with friendly voice your Kymber calls,  
 “ And bids you hail! thereto he adds your name  
 “ Renown’d in antient fame,  
 “ Hail Wodehouse-tow’r! to tell you with what pride,  
 “ What triumph he your glitt’ring state surveys,  
 “ That dignifies his lily-silver’d fide,  
 “ And wakes sweet mem’ry of those glorious days,  
 “ When full-plum’d Vict’ry wav’d her golden wing,  
 “ And deckt with trophies proud his honour’d spring.

“ Yes, Kymber! now thou may’st with joy retrace  
 “ The long succession of thy patriot line;  
 “ With joy behold th’ unclouded lustre shine  
 “ Which virtue beams around her favor’d race.  
 “ Canst thou forget the lord of Wodehouse-tow’r,  
 “ Whose strong-built bastions scorn’d the Norman’s pow’r?  
 “ From Deva’s banks (whose mystic waters glide  
 “ By holy Whitchurch, thro’ those pastur’d plains  
 “ Long since the warlike Talbot’s rich domains,  
 “ When from Blackmere he brought his lovely bride,

“ The fair L’Estrange) thou saw’st the stout knight lead  
 “ To Silfield’s happier mead  
 “ His Saxon train. There Beauclerk’s royal ray  
 “ Shin’d on his battailous bold offspring, try’d  
 “ In many a hard and chevalrous assay,  
 “ When (A) Neustria’s fields with crimson gore he dy’d,  
 “ Spread vengeful flames revolted Bayeux round,  
 “ And dash’d the rampir’d pride of Caën to the ground.

“ Oft as Britannia’s royal ensign wav’d,  
 “ And the stern clarion call’d in field to fight,  
 “ The warlike Wodehouse march’d with prowest might,  
 “ And the rough front of deathful danger brav’d.  
 “ Let Bara tell, and let Bodotria tell,  
 “ Fort, lough, and river, mountain, wood, and dell,  
 “ All that from southern Eiden’s flow’ry lea  
 “ Reaches to bleak Strathnavern’s northern strand,  
 “ Was his sword sheath’d, when (B) Edward’s iron hand  
 “ Spread desolation wide from sea to sea?

(A) Sir George de Wodehouse attended Henry I in his expedition into Normandy, A. D. 1104.

(B) Edward I, whom Sir Bertram de Wodehouse accompanied in his wars in Scotland.



“ Or when the fable warrior’s lifted lance  
 “ Glar’d in the eyes of France,  
 “ Was Wodehouse wanting to the hero’s fame?  
 “ Let Crecy tell, and Poictier’s purple plain,  
 “ And captive Valois’ (c) hallow’d oriflame.  
 “ His dreadless hardiment let (D) Glequin’s chain  
 “ Record, and brave (D) Dandrehen’s froward fate,  
 “ And poor Castilia’s tyrant-wielded state.

“ Who has not heard of Somme’s affrighted flood,  
 “ How mournfully his cumber’d streams he roll’d  
 “ O’er shining hauberks, shields, and helms of gold,  
 “ His crystal current stain’d with prince’s blood,  
 “ When daring Delabreth in wanton pride  
 “ The warlike Henry’s way-worn troop defied?  
 “ But all this gallant trim and rich array  
 “ Lay foil’d in dust, when Bedford’s burnisht spear  
 “ Flam’d in their front, and thunder’d in their rear,  
 “ And York’s bright blade hew’d out his dreadful way.

(c) The oriflame was a banner of gold-and-flame-coloured silk, consecrated and kept in the abbey of St. Denys. From the high opinion the French had of its virtue, it was made the royal

standard by Lewis VI, and continued such till Charles VII brought in use the white coronet.

(DD) Two gallant commanders in the army of Henry earl of Treftaniare, whom

“ Rouze,

“ Rouze, royal England, rouze thy matchless might,  
 “ And with a dragon’s flight  
 “ Sweep o’er th’ enfanguin’d plains of Agincourt :  
 “ And see, thy Wodehouse, whose strong arm subdued  
 “ The ruin’d bulwarks of yon’ aged fort,  
 “ His golden chev’ron charg’d with (E) drops of blood,  
 “ Rests on the woodmen wild that bear his shield,  
 “ And hails thee victor of the well-fought field !

“ Can I forget how blythe my eddies roll’d  
 “ And kiss’d their crisp’d banks, when to Tewksbury’s plain  
 “ My gallant son led his (F) heroic train,  
 “ Stout earls, and princely dukes, and barons bold ?  
 “ Yet, ah for pity ! these fierce hostings cease,  
 “ That maiden blossom wears the badge of peace,

the Black Prince (attended by the flower of the English troops, among whom was Sir William de Wodehouse) defeated and took prisoners on the frontiers of Castile, thereby restoring Peter, surnamed the Cruel.

(E) For this gallant action Henry V, as a perpetual augmentation of honour, assigned him the crest of an hand, stretched from a cloud, holding a club, and this motto, *FRAPPE FORTE*: and

the savage, or wild man, holding a club, which was the antient crest of the family, was now omitted, and two of them placed as supporters to the arms, which had a further augmentation of honour added in the shield, *viz.* on the Chev’ron *Gutté de Sang*, as they are born to this day.

(F) Sir Edward Wodehouse, who was knighted at Tewksbury, attended Edward IV into the north, with two hun-

“ And

“ And will you dye her white leaves red in blood?  
 “ But if your flaming courage pricks you forth,  
 “ See where the prowling pilferers of the north  
 “ With inroad foul o’er Tine’s forbidden flood  
 “ Rush from their bleak hills, lur’d with scent of prey :  
 “ Brook they your firm array?  
 “ Far humbler thoughts on Eske’s embattail’d banks  
 “ They learn’d, as Somerset’s victorious spear  
 “ With foul disorder broke their bleeding ranks ;  
 “ Whilst vengeful (G) Wodehouse taught their proud hearts fear,  
 “ And bade his thunders tell them, as they fled,  
 “ The brother triumphs where the brother bled.

“ But not on camps and fighting fields alone  
 “ My glory rests ; when turtle-pennon’d peace  
 “ Hush’d war’s harsh roar, and bade his fury cease,  
 “ In these lov’d shades her softest lustre shone.  
 “ Here heav’n-rapt Piety delights to dwell,  
 “ Train’d in (H) monastic Flitcham’s holy cell ;

dred men at arms furnished at his own charge ; being attended in his own retinue with two dukes, seven earls, thirty-one barons, and fifty-nine knights.

(G) Sir William Wodehouse was vice-

admiral of the English fleet, and knighted for his noble service in the battle of Muffelborough, where his elder brother Thomas was killed, A. D. 1547.

(H) Sir William de Wodehouse found-

Here

“ Here plants her palm, whose hallow’d branches spread  
 “ O’er towred (I) Richmond’s consecrated shrine,  
 “ And form’d the only wreath e’er taught to twine  
 “ Round desolate (I) Caernarvon’s hapless head.  
 “ E’en that strong (κ) arm, which stretching from a cloud  
 “ Crests the atchievement proud  
 “ Imprest with Agincourt’s emblazon’d name,  
 “ Among his laurels wove this sacred bough,  
 “ Ennobling valour with devotion’s flame,  
 “ (L) And taught the warbled orison to flow,  
 “ As ’midst the taper’d choir the solemn priest  
 “ Chaunts to the victor faint high heav’n’s eternal rest.

“ Here the firm guardians of the public weal,  
 “ Inspir’d with freedom’s heav’n-descended flame,  
 “ Rose nobly faithful to their country’s fame ;  
 “ (M) In frequent senates pour’d their ardent zeal,

ed the monastery at Flitcham, and made a cell to Walsingham, about the year 1260.

(I) Robert de Wodehouse, a younger brother, was dean, or rather archdeacon of Richmond, and chaplain to Edward II.

(κ) See note (E) relating to the crest and atchievement of the family: the impress on the shield is AGINCOURT.

(L) He obtained licence of Henry V, to found a chauntry priest to sing for the souls of that prince and his queen, of his beloved esquire John Wodehouse and his wife, their ancestors and posterity, in the cathedral church of Norwich.

(M) This family has served with an inviolable integrity in twenty-seven par-

“ Dash’d

“ Dash’d the base bribe from curs’d Corruption’s hand,  
 “ And fav’d from scepter’d Pride the sinking land.  
 “ Or, (N) prompt to answer bleeding Europe’s call,  
 “ To distant realms bore Britain’s high behest,  
 “ Bade the sword sleep, gave gasping nations rest,  
 “ And taught the doubtful balance where to fall.  
 “ But in the softer hour of social joy,  
 “ When ceas’d the high employ,  
 “ These woodland walks, these tufted dales among  
 “ The silver-sounding Muses built their bow’r,  
 “ Made vocal with the lute-attempted song ;  
 “ Whilst blooming courtesy’s gold-spangled flow’r;  
 “ Cull’d by the Graces, spread its brightest glow  
 “ To deck unswerving Honour’s manly brow.

“ And you, age-honour’d oaks! whose solemn shades  
 “ Inviron this fair mansion, proudly stand  
 “ The sacred (o) nourlings of Eliza’s hand,  
 “ When she with sov’reign glory grac’d your glades,

liaments ; in sixteen of which they have been returned for the county of Norfolk.

(N) Sir Thomas Wodehouse, knight of the Bath, was sent ambassador into France by Henry VII.—Another Sir Thomas was sent into France, Spain, and Italy, to qua-

lify himself for the highest employments, by Henry, son to James I.

(o) The oaks upon the hill, where the house now stands, were planted, in honour of queen Elizabeth, the day she was at Kimberley, A. D. 1578.



“ And pleas’d beheld her (P) Boleyn’s kindred line  
 “ Ennobled with your trophied honours shine.  
 “ Spring crestless cravens from such roots as as these?  
 “ Ask the pale (Q) Groyne, ask Tayo’s trembling tide,  
 “ Ask Cadiz weeping o’er her ruin’d pride,  
 “ And Austria scourg’d o’er all the subject seas.  
 “ From this deep root my blooming branches spread,  
 “ And rais’d their florisht head,  
 “ Chear’d with the princely (R) Henry’s orient ray;  
 “ Till, rising on the morn, importune night  
 “ Spreads her black veil, and blots his golden day:  
 “ Darknes ensues, dark deeds, and impious might;  
 “ Whilst Discord, mounted on his iron car,  
 “ ’Cries havoc, and lets slip the dogs of war.

“ What then cou’d virtue, ‘fall’n on evil days,  
 “ On evil days thus fall’n, and evil tongues,  
 “ With dangers compact,’ and oppress’d with wrongs,  
 “ Save to the wild woods breath her plaintive lays,

(P) Thomas Wodehouse, who was killed at Musselborough, married a Shelton, whose mother was a Boleyn.

(Q) Sir Philip Wodehouse served queen Elizabeth both by sea and land, at home, in Portugal, and in Spain: he was knighted for his service at Cadiz by the earls

of Essex, and Nottingham, the queen’s generals.

(R) Sir Thomas Wodehouse, Bart. was in great favour with prince Henry, son to James I, and of his bed-chamber; at whose decease he retired to Kymberley.

And

“ And charm the shades, and teach the streams to flow  
 “ With all the melting melody of woe?  
 “ But what avail’d or voice, or tuneful hand,  
 “ When hell-bred faction, rear’d on baleful wings  
 “ Stain’d with the blood of nobles and of kings,  
 “ Spread total desolation o’er the land?  
 “ Ah Kymber! where was then thy princely state?  
 “ Sunk in the gen’ral fate:  
 “ Thy rich roofs sunk, o’er golden pendants spread;  
 “ Fastolff’s white crocket moulder’d from the wall,  
 “ And Hamo’s lion dropt his gold-crown’d head;  
 “ The sacred chapel sunk, the festive hall;  
 “ E’en thy tall tow’rs, majestic in decay,  
 “ Like thy lost monarch, low in ruins lay.

“ Thus Britain sunk, and thus sunk Wodehouse-tow’r;  
 “ So sinks the sun, as o’er the turbid skies  
 “ Sudden the storm-engend’ring clouds arise  
 “ And vex with uproar wild night’s fearful hour;  
 “ That past, his bright beams salute the day,  
 “ And heighten’d splendors crown his orient ray:

“ So Britain rose, so rose my princely state.  
 “ But not the swelling column massy proof,  
 “ The moulded pediment, the fretted roof,  
 “ Not this fair fabric proudly elevate,  
 “ Tho’ fix’d by Prowse’s just palladian hand  
 “ Its towred honours stand;  
 “ Not this clear lake, whose waving crystal spreads  
 “ Round yon’ hoar isle with awful shades imbrown’d;  
 “ Not these pure streams that vein th’envermeil’d meads:  
 “ Nor those age-honour’d oaks wide waving round;  
 “ Exterior glories these, of humbler fame,  
 “ Beam not that splendent ray which dignifies my name.

“ The spark of honour kindling glorious thought,  
 “ The soul by warm benevolence refin’d,  
 “ Th’ ætherial glow that melts th’empassion’d mind,  
 “ And virtue’s work to fair perfection brought,  
 “ Be these my glories. And thou, pow’r benign!  
 “ Whose living splendors round the patriot shine,  
 “ Immortal genius of this far-fam’d land,  
 “ This scepter’d isle thron’d midst the circling sea,  
 “ Seat of the brave, and fortrefs of the free,  
 “ Oft hast thou deign’d to take thy hallow’d stand

These



“ These shades among ; at virtue’s radiant shrine  
 “ Oft caught the flame divine,  
 “ When dark corruption dim’d thy sov’ reign light ;  
 “ Thence beam’d thy solemn soul-ennobling ray  
 “ To gild these groves with all thy lustre bright,  
 “ Where nobly thoughtful Mordaunt loves to stray,  
 “ And manly Prowse, with ev’ry science crown’d,  
 “ In freedom’s rustic seat the polish’d graces thron’d.

“ And thou, to whom thy Kymber tunes this strain,  
 “ If strain like this may reach thy nicer ear,  
 “ O deign in mine thy country’s voice to hear,  
 “ Which never to a Wodehouse call’d in vain!  
 “ By the proud honours of thy martial crest,  
 “ The trophied tombs where thy fam’d fathers rest,  
 “ By Lacy’s, Clervaux’, Hunsdon’s, Armine’s name,  
 “ By manhood’s, glory’s, freedom’s, virtue’s praise,  
 “ Wake the high thought, the lofty spirit raise,  
 “ And blazon thy hereditary fame.  
 “ That fame shall live, whilst pride’s unrighteous pow’r,  
 “ The pageant of an hour,

“ Fades

“ Fades from the guilty scene, and sinks in night:  
 “ That fame shall live, and spread its constant rays,  
 “ Warm like the blessed sun with genial light;  
 “ Whilst vice and folly spend their baleful blaze,  
 “ As meteors, glaring o’er a troubled sky,  
 “ Shoot their pernicious fires, amaze, and die.”

He ceas’d his gratulation: the high strain  
 Pierc’d the thick gloom where Britain’s genius lay  
 (s) Cover’d with charmed Cloud from view of day:  
 He heard, and bursting thro’ the falsed train  
 In all the majesty of empire rose,  
 And issued stern to quell his vaunting foes.  
 The Naïds saw, and swell’d their furling floods;  
 Old Kymber saw, and smil’d; the burnisht glades  
 Rejoic’d; the groves wav’d their exulting shades;  
 And lofty Feorhou bow’d with all his woods.  
 The lordly lion ramping by his side  
 He march’d in martial pride,  
 And pour’d his flaming spirit o’er the land:  
 The kindling hamlets, rous’d with war’s alarms,  
 Snatch the bright faulchion from the hireling hand,  
 And bravely train their free-born youth to arms;

Whilst Liberty her glitt'ring ensign waves,  
And bids each gen'rous son disdain an host of slaves.

Then royally on th' ocean wave enthron'd,  
With all his terrors arm'd, he rode sublime,  
And roll'd his thunders o'er each hostile clime :  
Seine's filken vassals trembled at the sound ;  
The cloud-wrapt promontory shook, and all  
Its rock-bas'd rampires nodded to their fall.  
Reign ever thus, unconquer'd Britain, reign ;  
Whilst thy free sons in firm battalions stand,  
And guard with lion-ramp their native land,  
Thus fix thy throne, thus rule the subject main !  
So shall bright Vict'ry o'er thy laurel'd head  
Her eagle-pennons spread ;  
Whilst soft-ey'd Peace, quitting at thy command  
Her radiant orb in yon' empyreal plain,  
Waves o'er the willing world her myrtle wand :  
So shall the Muse her doric oat disdain,  
And, touch'd with sphere-born rapture's hallow'd fire,  
Swell her triumphal notes, and sweep the golden lyre.





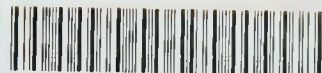
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